Volume VI Chicago, Ill., February, 1930 Number 11

The Liberal

LINCOLN

A blend of mirth and sadness
Of smiles and tears,
A quaint knight errant
Of the pioneers.
A homely hero
Of star and sod,
A peasant prince,
A masterpiece of God.

Walter Malone.

Published monthly by

The Peoples Church

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THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Volume VI Chicago, Ill., February, 1930 Number 11

MEDITATION

Spoken On The Sunday The Sermons In This Issue Were Preached. Stenographically Reported.

Infinite and Everlasting Heart, with whom a thousand years are but as a day, with whom workers may die but the work goes on, we would dedicate our lives, dedicate our hearts, dedicate our minds to the high priest of excellency for the year which is to come. May we be a channel of inspiration and of love. May our church increasingly become one of encouragement and help to ever-growing myriads of people. May the year which is to come be a year of such transcendent achievement that the justification of the sacrifices that are being made by many all about us to keep our church what it is may be felt in their hearts and in their souls.

This morning we are sensitive to the fact that hanging upon our utterances, out in the land of radio, and in this great audience that has assembled here, there are hundreds who are looking to us at this moment and to this service for that which will give them anchorage and cleavage and love. Some of them are here because they are discouraged and unhappy and things have gone badly with them and life is pretty much a broken affair; and they are looking up into our face this morning and are saying: "Tell us what we can do about it." Out there on the air there is some heart listening, there is no ecstasies, no vibrant beauty in their lives; they feel such an emptiness is void of things, and oh! as they listen, closer and closer to their radios, they are saying in their hearts, "Tell us what to do about it."

With this responsibility we would be unable to do anything about it or say anything at all if we did not keep ourselves closely allied, deeply in harmony with the eternal realities of that which is infinitely good, superbly beautiful and unimpeachably pure. May we wash ourselves at the beginning of this year from all dross, all ugliness, all unkindness or inferiority of thinking or of living. And may we stand so susceptible to the influx of divine truth that we can be a great inspiration and a great blessing.

Infinite Heart, our thought too in this moment because we see so much of it, because we are in and out of it all the time, all of our sick in the hospitals, all that we have seen this week and those families where we have stood beside their loved ones, this will be the first Sunday without them,—and wherever there are broken hearts and sadness and wherever life seems cruel and brutal, break through the clouds, demand perfections, assert unity and may to all there go such a mighty breath of courage that all the year will be different and it will be better and finer than any year any of us have ever known.

COURAGE

PART 1

For a great many years past I have used the first Sunday in the new year as an opportunity for speaking upon the subject of Courage. During these past years in which I have used this subject, this Sunday has always been outstanding in all the Sundays of the year. I am most inspired and encouraged this morning to see that this Sunday is still further evidence of your great interest in this subject of Courage. This great congregation this morning, which has come out on this winter day, is to me a great challenge.

I feel a distinct type of challenge that you are bringing to me this morning. I feel that the thing that sent you here and the reason why there may be a great many hundreds and thousands out yonder that I cannot see and do not know and probably will not see nor know, but that they have established a contact with the environmental influences of this service this morning for a definite and specific purpose, that they shall find something in the music, something in the address, something in a word, in a prayer, in the litany, something somewhere that shall specifically touch that particular problem in their individual lives that they need to have touched in order that they might have a new birth of courage to face whatever issues there are to face in the year that is so tiny and small, for there will be issues, there will be things to face.

There is one way in which all these years are alike, no matter what they are called numerically they all possess a distinct similarity and that is they will bring to your life and to mine problems; they will bring anxiety; they may bring great trouble, but whatever it is they will be a challenge to you and they will be a challenge to me. And so I thought, and I have thought for many years, that, perhaps, there is a little intimate contribution that we might be able to make here in the Peoples Church of Chicago, that we might use this first Sunday as a Sunday in which we could give of our vitality, impoverish ourselves of our strength in order that we might be of assistance and an encouragement to some of you who are going to face some of these great issues of 1930. It is going to be an important year. It is going to be a very important year, and because of its importance in every realm of life it is going to demand of you and demand of me that we be competent and equipped to meet whatever this year has to bring.

I know that a common subject such as I use every Sunday of the new year would necessitate more or less repetition and so afraid am I to read my own sermons—I have never read one yet after it was printed. I don't know what the psychology is but the moment the sermon is delivered by me, then the sermon, as far as I am concerned with the sermon is gone. I have never read a sermon of mine that has ever been published or printed. There is something about cold type, something about those frozen words, captured in the mechanics and machinery of printing, that seems to say to me, "Did you ever say anything like that?" Each one of them seems to be a sort of an indictment, and I run away from them after they are printed.

So it was not an especially great temptation for me to go back to the Liberal and read over these January sermons for the past few years. I haven't read them. I suppose I ought to have read them in order to have dodg-

ed repetition, but I haven't read them and what I am going to say this morning will be said out of the depths of my experimental relationships with life and with these sobbing stories of failure and disaster that crowd in upon my life from all sources. Almost every day of the week I see humanity in such turmoil, such twisted things, such an awful complication, such unusual circumstances that sometimes I sit at my desk and I marvel at the capacity of people to get their lives into muddles. I don't know how some of you do it. The awful muddles that we get into! Lives that are so muddled up and that have brought about psychological reflexes to the muddler to the extent that there is a deterioration of health factors and mental perception so that they are in a state of turmoil. It is a very difficult matter to straighten such a life out. Now that is one of the things that I want to attempt in the first part of the sermon, because you will have to come back tonight at 7:30 to hear the rest of it. The audience tonight will be a barometer of whether the first part is good or not.

I don't know whether I have told you or not, but I began my ministry a great many years ago up in the woods of Michigan in the forests up there where we had eleven months of winter and one month of autumn. I had three little churches that I used to preach in, the quaintest, loveliest little churches you have ever seen. I used to have an audience ranging from seven to fifteen in each one of these little churches. And if I had, by any possible stretch of good fortune, fifteen in an audience I would be elated all week. But what an audience it was. Most of them were lumberjacks, and much of the philosophy of religion and its broadening process I received in those early years from the lumberjacks. Some of them might not have been what you would call particularly religious from an ecclesiastic point of view, but they had a fundamental perception of morality and that fundamental perception of morality was so basic and deep and elemental that it constituted the real character of their ethics.

I preached up there in those three little churches. I preached in each one of them every Sunday and I drove forty-two miles to do it. In the summer I used to ride horseback those forty-two miles, and in the winter I drove a bobsled. And we had snow up in Montmorency County, Michigan!

One day a letter came to me and this letter invited me to go to another town to preach a trial sermon and I thought, "Here is my great day. My day has arrived." I didn't want to bury my life forever up in the woods. I had dreams and ideals of what I wanted to do with my ministry and I didn't leave it all to the Lord. God is very busy. And I think there are a lot of people leaving matters up to the Lord that it would be a great deal better for themselves if they would understand issues and solve problems for themselves. Cluttering up the Lord with too much of your own failure certainly makes you a lean-to rather than a necessary part of the structure. There are a lot of people in this world who are abandoning themselves entirely and their own remedial qualities of their lives on the basis that "we will let the Lord take care of it." It is a great pity. Most of us should not interfere with Him as we do by demanding that He straighten us out. You ought to be heroic enough and courageous enough to look the issue in the face and go through it and straighten yourself out. Crybabies never get very far in the redemptive process.

So when this letter came to me, I said, "Here is my chance." There was to be only one church. There was to be one sermon and

a little more salary than I was getting, because up there I was getting thirty dollars a month, preaching three times every Sunday, driving forty-two miles. That wasn't very much of a salary, was it? Well, I wasn't very much of a preacher. It was about all I was worth. I never get very much excited about preachers' salaries. We preachers usually get about all we are worth, and if we are not getting more than we do, it is because we are not worth it. And that goes for this preacher as well as for any. I have had the same salary for the past ten years!

When I saw this letter I said, "Now, if I ever go to this new church, it means that I must get the very best sermon that I can possibly assemble." I said to myself, "This sermon must be an irresistible sermon. It must be a sermon so when they hear it in that little white church over at Port Hope, they will say, 'Why, we could not live another week without having this young man our preacher.'" I had to make that sermon such a sermon that they wouldn't dare say, "We are not going to have him for our preacher." So I went to work on that sermon. And, oh, what a sermon it was! I admit it. I took all the sermons that I had preached—there weren't many—and I took out the illustrations and I culled them together and I tried to arrange it until it was a sermonic literary masterpiece. No sermon like it has ever been preached.

I do hope the radio audience is getting the irony of this. I expect to get a letter this week from someone in the radio audience, "You said you preached the greatest sermon ever preached." That is the trouble with this radio. It seems to be necessary to be in contact with personality to get irony across. So I am using irony, dear friends. I assembled this sermon and there it was—irresistible!

I went to the little place where I was going to deliver the sermon, this was on Saturday night, and I was met by the deacon. And oh, what a deacon he was! Oh, how he did love to "deacon." I knew him the moment I saw him. I said, "Here is a professional." Just the moment I saw him I said, "Here is a professional deacon." He was what I often say a "deaking" deacon. No man that I ever met loved to "deak" like he did. He couldn't get up in public and say the alphabet effectively. He couldn't say the alphabet effectively and yet he could tell every preacher he ever heard how to speak. He had made the most abject failure of his own business that a man could make. He was considered in the town to be kept out of the poorhouse by a wife who was an expert helper about the community in the home. And yet at the meetings they told me that his economic dissertations on how to run the finances of the church were laudable utterances of economic grandeur. He was that kind of a deacon. Thank God we haven't any in the Peoples Church of that sort; but that was the kind he was.

I knew it the moment I saw him what kind of a deacon he was. I said, "Well, evidently this is the man I must see in regard to this matter." And I noticed he looked me over very carefully, coldly, cynically, analytically. If I could have just detected somewhere about him something of warmth or Christian love, I would have felt better, but it was not there. After I got the sermon all prepared I said, "Well, I have to be versatile."

The test of genius is not originality. If the test of genius were originality, how much more genius would we have in the world than we have! Look at the originality that is everywhere. Everywhere, you find original people. Asylums are full of them. I meet them by the score. An unlovely word, but I must use it because it means exactly what I mean, and in twenty-five

years will be good English. The streets are full of original people. They are "nuts," "nuts!" And I don't know why so many of them pick on me. But we sit in our office by the hour and have to deal with them. So the test of genius is not originality.

Emerson told us what it was. The test of genius is universality. Shakespeare was not original. There isn't an original plot in the whole Shakesperean products, not one. For every single plot he used had an antecedent, even the greatest of his plays, "Hamlet," could not have been written without Shakespeare becoming a plagiarist. Jesus was not original. He is not a special property of any race or of any age. The test of genius is to be found in its universality.

So I wanted to be be universal in this sermon. I said, "Well I have a very good sermon, the greatest sermon the world has ever heard. But I am so afraid that somebody might ask me what I am going to preach about, and I would like to appear versatile," so I sat down and picked out a half dozen subjects. I had these subjects all in mind, but only had one sermon, but these subjects all fitted the one sermon. We sat down at the dinner table—I beg your pardon, it was not the dinner table, it was the supper table, for in those days in Michigan, we ate supper at six o'clock and we ate dinner at noon. We sat down at the supper table and this deacon looked across the table at me and said with lovely charity and Christian music in his voice, "Well, young man, what are you going to preach about tomorrow morning?"

I knew he would say that. That is the reason I picked out all the subjects. I said to him, "Well, I have several subjects, this one, that one, and the other one." He scratched his head diplomatically. I knew that he was usurping his authority as deacon. He was going to tell that young preacher what he could preach about, and so he said, "Well, I think our people would be interested in this subject." Didn't worry me. Not at all! I knew that whatever subject he picked out what sermon he would get. The matter was settled.

I know this, that no matter what year it is, whether it is 1929, 1930 or 1950 there are certain fundamental, necessary, elemental principles that dominate, dictate, control, human destiny. And I know that every individual who wants to make out of his life something significant, something fine, something splendid, something gorgeously grand, something so supremely beautiful in all of its achievements, that the mere mention of the name will be a lingering benediction over every life that knew him. If hearts will feel gladness when they mention your name, if little children run to you with glee in every atom of their being as they look up into your face, glad, glad that you have come—if you want to live life on those terms, then, my friends, there are certain things for you and there are certain things for me that are necessary.

I don't know of anything that this old world needs today like courage, courage! There is a masculinity about that word that I like. It has a sort of a gutteral hardness about it. Courage____ did you ever say it to yourself and say it out loud when the whole thing seemed to have gone to pieces, when the bottom seemed to have dropped out of your life? I have had moments like that. I have had moments in my life that were so black and so dark that it didn't seem to me that I could ever see the sky again. I had to do it. And I have walked the floor more than once and some of it has been while I have been pastor of this church too ____when things seemed to be going badly. I have walked the floor more than once and out loud, as I walked, I said, "Courage, courage,

courage! old man; courage!" Try it the next time things are wrong instead of beginning to whine and cry.

Oh, whining and crying is all right, sometimes. That is the humanness of us, and there is not one of us that hasn't had tears and tears are honorable. But sometime, my friends, try that. just put your shoulders back, straighten up and say out loud: "Courage, courage!" There is a fine old sound about that word that makes for strength. Courage! That is the thing that if we had translated into our lives today would make so many of them different.,

Are you absolutely, on this first Sunday in the new year, as courageous of life as you might be? What is the dominating fear of your life? Every life has a dominating fear. Is it fear of detection? Are you afraid you will be found out? Is it the fear that you haven't anticipated emergencies correctly? Is it the fear of physical collapse? Every life has a dominating fear and much of your success and much of your unity that you will evolve into in life will be traced directly to the manner in which you control your fears.

The first necessity of courageousness is to face your fears. No problem is ever settled by denying its existence. Don't forget that that is a fundamental philosophical proof irrespective of whatever any other philosophy might teach. No problem is ever settled by denying its existence. You and I know what our problems are. You and I know what our fears are. You and I know what is lacking in an inner analysis of life. You know that. Well, now, my friends, don't make the tragic mistake of denying the existence of that reality to the extent that to banish it, to handle it, to eliminate it, will require a new birth of courage; and that is the thing we all need.

There are friendships in every life represented in this church this morning. Perhaps it would be much more advantageous to the thing that you are trying to do in life if you would have courage enough and character enough to have a complete understanding. There are business men in this audience this morning that may be somewhat concerned about the future of the business in which they are, and they know that the whole future of their business would have a very different character in the year 1930 if they had courage enough to go to their business associates and have the matter out. There are families, there are friends, there are experiences in life that ought to be out in the open, and if we possessed courage enough to bring the reality of that which interferes with the finest there is out where it belongs instead of burying it under the subterfuge of denial, we would eliminate the whole problem of our lives. Courage to face issues! Most of us are only playing at it. Only playing at this question of courage.

Look at Cyrus McCormick. Cyrus McCormick was growing more wheat in his county than any farmer in it. Cyrus McCormick was perfectly contented. He was making more money as a farmer in his county as a wheat grower than any other farmer in his county, but what did he do? He spent fifteen years of his life in the criticism and contumely of his neighbors, who criticised him, who jeered him, who laughed at him and called him a McCormicks' fool because he dared intimate he could make a reaper and a threshing machine. Cyrus McCormick spent fifteen years of his life in criticism. But he had the courage to see, to know and to do, with the result that you all know so well. He had the courage to face the issue and he went out with it in the face of the laughter of the public. No person in this world is ever going to get very far until he is willing to be laughed at, when he is willing to be jeered at and sneered at by a

mediocrity of populace; and when I see people going through life taking the jeers and the sneers of life, but holding to their dream, then I cry, "Bravo!"

I saw in my vision that young man Wendell Phillips, the tallest man in Harvard, the best looking man in Harvard, the man who was made the greatly esteemed one of Harvard College____Wendell Phillips. And whenever he went into a room in Harvard their obeisance was paid to him. Then Wendell Phillips was the aristocrat of the under-graduate body of Harvard University. One night, from his window, he saw a mob, and that mob was dragging through the streets of Boston William Lloyd Garrison, and this young man of exquisite charm and aristocratic background and social position, looked through his window and he heard cries and jeers and sneers as they dragged William Lloyd Garrison through the streets.

What did Wendell Phillips do? Wendell Phillips put down the window sash. Wendell Phillips the rich, aristocratic, beautiful, walked across Harvard yards and went to Faneuil Hall in old Boston and there at the great mass meeting this Apollo of money and society stood, and Wendell Phillips delivered that great oration and he cast his lot by the side of William Lloyd Garrison and became the great outstanding power that moulded opinion in old New England for the Abolitionists. He lost his social position; he lost his money; he lost his family; he lost his friends. And any money and any social position and any friends that are dependent upon compromise are friends and social positions and money that ought to be lost. William Lloyd Garrison lost. He lost safety; he lost security; but his courage brought heart inspiration to an Abraham Lincoln.

So it is with you in 1930. Take life on this basis. I was talking—and then I am through and we will finish up tonight, for I could preach every night this week upon this subject. It is a subject I love. It is right close to my heart, but I was talking with a young man. It was on New Year's Day. I said to him, 'Well, did you have a good time last night?" And he said to me, "Oh, we had a very good time last night. We had a splendid time."

I was curious to know what kind of a time he meant, and so I said to him: "What kind of a time?" And then he told me. And do you know what that young man said to me? He said, "Doctor Bradley, for many years I have been coming to your church as has my family." He said, "Do you know, do you know that when I would do something rotten and wrong and vicious __" And when he was telling me that, I was thinking of dear old Charlie in The Strange Interlude, when as a boy of sixteen, felt that he had violated the sanctity of his own mother. The Strange Interlude is one of the greatest plays the American stage has ever seen and to see it with all the depths and pathos and tragedy of it is to see a great portrayal of heart interests.

This boy said to me, "Doctor Bradley, do you know that every time I am tempted to do some mean, ignoble thing, some bad thing, something that scars me, I think, I see my father. And he said, my father is wrapped up in me. My father is dreaming dreams for me. My father wants me to be something significant and I am going to be." And the vision of his father protects that boy, and that boy is sitting by his father in this church this morning.

Another boy that I know, when he was in high school, came home one night and I could see in his eyes and his face that something had happened. There was that strange psychology of reality, and without a word having been spoken I said, "What is the matter " And there were tears that came into his eyes. I said to

him, "What is the matter?" He said, "They laughed." I said, "What do you mean?"

Out at a party of young people in a certain hotel in this city, in the washroom they were passing a flask and when that flask was passed to him, and the girls as well, he said, "No, I don't care for it." And he said, "They burst out in laughter and they made fun of me." And the thing that hurt him was that somebody had made fun of him.

Dare, dare to make fun of honor? Dare to criticise a young man because he is trying to be true to the ideals of his father? Dare to laugh, and if you do, it will turn itself back upon you some day and in the emptiness and the hollowness of your own failures, you will hear the mockery of your own laughter, Laugh if you will, but he who laughs last laughs best.

MEDITATION

Delivered at the Evening Service When the Second Part of the the Sermon on "Courage" Was Delivered. Stenographically Reported.

Infinite Heart of Love and of Inspiration, at this evening moment we associate ourselves together that we might receive from our association an inspiration which will enable us to face whatever issues there are for us in the week and in the year that is to follow. These things that are to come are the things that are demanding of us tonight a sufficient acquaintanceship and a deep familiarity that we might meet them in a superlative manner.

Wherever the influence of this service tonight is going, wherever hearts are in association and in contact with what we are trying to do, may there be some miraculous beauty of transformation, of transvaluation into some heart; that it will have such a new vision and a re-awakening of the great fundamental processes that make for unity and strength and for peace, that this service shall be memorable to the lives and hearts of all who are in relationship with it.

Help us to do the very best that we can with that which we call life, that we may utilize our energies, spend our time, devote our principles to the finest and the best that it is possible for us to do. And then in the quiet-time of rest time, in the even-time of life itself, may we have that unparalleled happiness of life and back across the years, and facing their precious and beautiful memories, where we have embellished and enriched life, may we find our happiness in the afterglow, in that satisfaction of peace and quiet that comes from having lived a life resplendent with dignity, beauty and honor, and that then we can face that future however much about it is unknown and unsecure. We can face it with triumph in our hearts, with music in our souls, with kindliness in our lives and victory in our hearts.

DUTY

When Duty comes a-knocking at your gate,
Welcome him in; for if you bid him wait,
He will depart only to come once more
And bring seven other duties to your door.

Edwin Markham.

COURAGE

Part II

Because of the vastness of the radio audience at night due to the fact that radio reception, after darkness has settled, is increased many, many fold over what it is in daylight reception, the evening audience of the Peoples Church of Chicago are not all familiar with the program of the church nor are they familiar with the fact that we broadcast the morning services as well as the evening services. There are so many of the radio audience that are unable to get the radio broadcast in the morning because of the great distance from here, it is necessary for me to say to the members of the radio audience that I am giving tonight the succeeding part of the sermon which I preach on the first Sunday of every new year, a sermon which I have called for many years by the name Courage. I make no effort in the treatment of this subject from year to year on the first Sunday morning of the year, I make no effort whatsoever in the discussion to cover territory that perhaps I did not cover in some previous sermon or address.

One of the greatest ministers England ever produced was that great genius, Joseph Parker, and Joseph Parker used to say repeatedly, "Any sermon worth preaching once is worth preaching fifty times." And so I desire, if I find it necessary, because of this same subject I use from year to year on this first Sunday of the new year, to say things that I might have said before to you. I hope you realize the repetition is for the purpose of emphasis and not in any sense of the word that I feel I am running short of that which is of value and constitutes a sermon. So tonight I am going on where I left off this morning in the discussion of this topic Courage.

To me courage is one of the most vital things in the life of an individual. An individual who has been so devitalized with the experiences of life so there is nothing in them that says, "Fight on, fare on, struggle on," is one of the most pathetic individuals in the world. I care not where you look for tragedy, ladies and gentlemen, whether you look for it in the dramatic literature of the great Shakespeare, whether you look for it in the drama and in the poetry of the great poets, whether you find it in music; wherever you find t r a g e d y, there is no greater tragedy to me, not even in sacred literature or secular literature, no greater tragedy than the tragedy that compares with an individual who comes down to the end of life, when life is largely and nearly through, and looks back upon a wasted and empty and selfish and unfruitful life.

There can't be any tragedy in the life of an individual that compares with the tragedy of waking up sometime in life and realizing that you have bungled, made a bungle of that which was given over to you. There isn't anything in the world to me that is more tragic than that, for individuals to come down to the end of life when there are no more tomorrows, when they reach out and there is just the stone wall, the black oblivion, the unknown, that which separates them, between what is and what is to be, with no certainty of a t o m o r r o w and then casting about, turning around and looking back on a wasted and misspent life.

Eliminate all your theological controversies. Eliminate all speculations of your creeds and various ecclesiastic formations, eliminate these things and tell me honestly, is there anything in the wide, wide world more tragic than the tragedy of failure?

What is the tragedy of King Lear compared with a tragedy like that? What is the tragedy of Hamlet as he struts to and fro with remorse eating at his conscience compared with the abject tragedy of character?

The world is changing its type of hero. The hero of the old literature of Ancient Greece was Ulysses and Ulysses was a hero of a majestic physical constituency. He failed in the final analysis of what constitutes the true type and permanent type of hero.

All courage is divided into three parts. The physical courage, the courage of bravery, the sort of courage that a man possesses who does not stop to consider cost of himself. The great Carnegie awards for life saving are not given to fathers and mothers or near friends of those whose lives are saved. The Carnegie life saving awards are awarded to men and women who save a human life and who have no other responsibility toward the individual except saving the life. You would expect a father to save the life of his child. You would expect a mother to fight for the life of her daughter. You would expect a friend to save the life of one who was close to him. But the Carnegie Commission recognize these are natural attitudes, with the result that they do not grant a reward except on the basis that it comes on the part of an individual who had no moral interest in saving the life except that of physical courage and of ultimate bravery. There is the physical courage of the man who is quite content at any provocation to take off his coat and fight physically for what he maintains is his point of view.

The world has changed its old attitude of physical courage as the basis of heroism. We love courage. We hate a coward. There is something in the heart of every individual that applauds the victor. The basis of our great athletic contests, the great Olympic contests, when the nations of the world send their most highly developed personalities to meet upon a great field of strategy and there attempt to outwit each other in the genius of their games, is physical courage. We admire physical courage, but my premise tonight is that physical courage isn't the ultimate courage.

Then there is intellectual courage, and how few of us possess intellectual courage! Every man who is surfeited by the presentation of truth in terms of final authority, either by a book or by tradition, is an individual that in a sense is intellectually cowardly, is an individual who lacks the courage of thinking. There is a courage here that to me is most attractive but it isn't the ultimate courage. There are those who are not bound in their thinking by tradition of the past or by creeds of organized religion. There are those who will not think in terms of tradition even in government or economics or science or any other attitude of life. They are men and women who possess intellectual courage, and believe me, ladies and gentlemen, it is quite as costly to possess intellectual courage as it is any other kind of courage and frequently it is more so. The men and women who possess intellectual courage to think for themselves through the problems that are so intricate and complicated and involved are continually asking the question, what is truth? What is truth? What is truth? How am I to know truth? How am I to reach truth? How am I to make truth pragmatic and operative in life? The person who is always asking those questions is a courageously intellectually-minded individual.

I think the world is full of individuals who lack the capacity of courageous thinking. They think in terms of dead creeds, in terms of outgrown traditions, in terms of Thirteenth Century theology. They think in terms of

mythology. The world is full of people who are hesitant at the word "no;" who run away almost cowardly at the thought that there is anything new in the universe or in the realm of truth.

There is that great courageous attitude which to me is a part of the whole fundamental principle of courage that I call intellectual courage. We all do not love intellect and those who are intellectually courageous, for to be intellectually courageous is most frequently to be in the minority. The crowds are always with those who represent the general attitude of perfect safety. They make no demarcations. They fit, fit superbly! As long as you fit, you are socially proper, and being socially proper and eminently respectable gives you a sense of security that makes you feel perfectly safe. The only place in the world where safety first is a poor motto is in the realm of thought. No man ever ought to seek for safety first.

Even ahead and above safety first is that deeper thing. Truth first! Truth first! And what will it do to me? It may ostracise me. It may alienate me. It may compel those who are in the majority to look askance upon a minority. Well, I have been in the minority all my life. I am in the minority religiously. I belong to the smallest religious denomination in the United States. We are only one two-thousandths of the population of the United States. I have been in the minority all my life politically. Only once in twenty years have I ever picked out a winning candidate for public office. I have been in a minority most of my life. I am in the great minority tonight. If I had chosen in the early years of my career as a minister to remain eminently safe, and with all the securities of a great denominational enterprise back of me, an enterprise that talks today in millions, going out for twenty million more now, had I chosen in those far-off days of my early life and my early professional career to play safety first, do you think that I would have today the worries and the anxieties and the cares and the responsibilities of maintaining an institution in the heart of this great city that has made the adventure of the free? Do you think that courageousness in thinking does not demand a great price? It is so much easier to float than it is to pick up the oars and row up stream. It is so much easier in life to just sort of belong to everything that is all right and safe and then you are secure and then you will have spiritual anemia and the first thing you know you will become so flabby that it will be utterly impossible to master those great physical and intellectual and spiritual necessities that make for heroic living in the realm of the intellect. That is why I am never final. That is why every year that comes, this year with all the rest, will be to me a year of evolvement, a year of opening.

I cannot believe that all of the truth of religion was settled nineteen or twenty centuries ago. I cannot believe that there isn't any such thing as evolvement in the territory of religious truth; that we are all making intellectual experiments and that we are all struggling as best we can by experimental relationships and vital contacts to make real religious experience in human life and that it must be an experience.

And that brings me to my final thought in this plea of courage. After we have had physical courage—and how glorious it is! I saw an evidence of it the other day when, instinctively, a man rushed out of his car to the wheels of a street car to pick a little child up....just reacting! And it was glorious. It evidenced a potentiality that the man possesses. Do you know the secret of power? The secret of power is your capacity to develop and then to express potential

strength. That is the secret of power. So that in the hour of your emergency there leaps at your command, there leaps the instinctively right thing to do. That is power.

And then we come to the moral realm, which is my final thought, to be courageously big in a moral way. The little story that I read you tonight has it. Did you ever hear anything more beautiful and simple than that little story of the fisher folk that I read to you? Come now you Jews, atheists, dualists, monotheists, that may be listening to me, and all of those of you who decry all religion, come now. Just for a moment forget your prejudices and the profundity of your intellectual grasp of things, you scientists and mechanicians, and just for a moment look at that little story.

Three or four men had been fishing all day from their boats—a perfectly natural and delightful thing to do. They were fishing with nets. This young idealist came along. They had been working with their nets all day long, and he simply said to them, "Why don't you pull over there and try again?" They looked at him as though he didn't know what he was talking about.

A great many people who do know what they are talking about may not always look like they know what they are talking about. Don't be too certain of how people look. It is never an expression of how far they are going to jump. So one of these men turned to him and said to him, "Well, we have fished and fished and fished."

He said, "It doesn't matter, let your nets down again into the deep."

There is the remotest possibility that they hadn't been fishing in the deep. There is the remotest possibility that some of your failures are because of the fact that your nets of life have not been down into the deep. There is a remote possibility that what you are tonight is because you have never had life down in its depths. Perhaps what you are tonight in your defects of courage may be because you have been too superficial and you have only been on the surface of things.

Jesus said to these men, "Let your nets down into the deep." And when they pulled up the nets they were filled with fish. A simple story. Do you know what it is ultimately? I will tell you what it is. That story is simply this: That there isn't any experience of your life that has brought you down to the place where you feel that life holds no more interest or charm for you; that there isn't any place that you can get in life; that there isn't what? Hear me now, that there isn't another chance? That is the meaning of this fisher story. There was another chance to let down the nets and, believe me, my friends, no man's life, no woman's life is ever a complete failure as long as there is somebody around to give them another chance. You talk about the miracles of the world. That is a miracle. As long as there is somebody around that says to you, that takes you by the hand, that puts an arm around you and looks into your eyes and says to you, "Well, it is pretty bad, isn't it? Things are in a bad way. The whole business seems to be rather muddled, doesn't it? But we are going to give you another chance." That is what Jesus meant with the nets when he let them down in the deep. The fishermen had another chance. Every one of those men were at the breaking point.

I see lives every day of my life at the breaking point. I have seen three this week at the breaking point, the same place that one man was before we built this beautiful church, when we were holding services in an adjacent theater. And on that Sunday morning I preached on the subject, "Is Life Worth Living?" Only to be sought out by a man

who was trembling like an aspen leaf, white as he could be, trembling. And he said to me, "Doctor Bradley, I was on my way down Sheridan Road to Wilson Avenue to the lake when I saw your subject, Is Life Worth Living? And I said to myself, 'I wonder what that preacher knows about it. But I will go in.'" Life at its breaking point! That man came into that service and he has become a respectable man in this community and he is sitting in this church tonight. I do not violate his confidence and I won't, but he knows that I know that he was at the breaking point and he is in this audience tonight.

I want to say to you, my friends, that there simply isn't, there simply isn't any exasperation of life that is final as long as there is another chance. And in this day of suicides and all sorts of strange things, I have had to bury two or three of them within the last three weeks; I had to stand recently between a man and his wife, whom he had shot on Thanksgiving morning, and he had killed himself, and there between those two caskets I had to preach that funeral sermon. Then just the other day I preached the funeral sermon of one of the superintendents of maintenance of the Boston Store who was brutally murdered. And I had to stand beside the wife of that young man, only forty-two years old. Talk about life! Only yesterday I preached the funeral sermon of a man forty-one, found dead in his sleep, his life snuffed out in the twinkling of an eye, a young man who had a great future.

Don't you people come to me and say, "Doctor Bradley, you don't know what you are talking about." I do! I am in the midst of life, and people are coming to me by the score and by the hundreds, who are at the breaking point. Let me say to you who are at the breaking point that the surprise is always just around the corner. Who knows, if you can hold on, just a little longer, make it a day, just make it a week, hold on to life just a little longer, something will break? And who knows but what there will be someone by your side to say, "Let your nets down into the deep?" Hang on! That is my new year message to this great radio congregation and to this splendid audience here tonight. Hang on! When you have come to the breaking point, hang on, hang on! hang on! hang on!! And the miracle will happen.

I close with three sentences. The first I do not know but what it comes from Elbert Hubbard, the sage of East Aurora. I had a radio letter from up there in that county. I ran away when I was a very small boy and got on a freight train loaded with cattle to go to East Aurora to the print shop. You know I always admired Elbert Hubbard. I am a printer; I am a typesetter by profession, and printer's ink is always sweet aroma to me. When I lose my voice and can't preach any longer, I am going to be a printer. I started out as a printer's devil and I might just as well end up that way.

This is from Elbert Hubbard, and this is the quotation: "No man is a failure until he admits it." I like that. I like it. "No man is a failure until he admits it." If it had not been that someone was willing to give me a second chance, I wouldn't be in this pulpit tonight. If someone hadn't said to me, "You can have another chance," I wouldn't be in this pulpit tonight. And when I felt I had no chance, I wouldn't admit that I had failed. That is the first sentence. "No man is a failure until he admits it."

The second one is a quotation from the Salvation Army. God bless them. I almost think that if I were going to join an evangelical group I think I would join the Salvation Army. I really do. I think there are two denominations that have more religion than all the rest of us put to-

gether. One is the Quakers and the other is the Salvation Army. Those are my two pet churches, and I won't have anybody say anything against them. The other quotation I give is from the Salvation Army, and I like this one. I go to their meetings sometimes downtown. I go into some of the missions on the corners. I get in the back seat and I listen. I saw the other night an inscription in the front of one of the Salvation Army homes. Do you know what it is? "A man may be down, but he is never out." I like that too. "A man may be down, but he is never out."

My final sentence, I don't know where it came from; it came to me once at the close of a sermon. Do you want to hear it again? "When you come to the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and hang on!"

THE YOUNG PEOPLES CLUB

The Young Peoples Club of The Peoples Church of Chicago has been favored with tremendous success in its spring season activities. Its fine spirit of red-blooded youth is molding it into one of the finest organizations of its kind in the country, with an influence not only to its members, but to many more who come into contact with its endeavors. The Young Peoples Club not only serves as the social center for the younger generation of the church, but it serves a much higher utility in the educational and cultural development which its environment affords. Its members, keeping in harmony with the church creed, are preparing themselves to meet the greatest problems of life courageously and with a high intellectual standard.

In January after the election of officers only one of which is over twenty, the organization decided to re-arrange its program so that it would fit more completely into the work of the church. Realizing the opportunity for Sunday afternoon meetings that could be easily attended not only by members of the club, but churchgoers desiring to enjoy our good times, the club initiated regular afternoon socials on the first and third Sundays in every month at five P. M. in Channing Hall. The program consists of a speaker or lecturer and entertainment furnished by members of the club. After the program a buffet luncheon is served with singing and a social hour filling the time until the evening service.

On February 2nd, Mr. Harvey T. Woodruff of the Chicago Tribune was our guest speaker and on March 2nd, Dr. Sidney Snow, President of the Meadville Theological School at the Chicago University, spoke on "The Influence of Liberalism in Religion." On March 16th, Mr. James Armstrong, Dean of Men at Northwestern University will be the guest speaker, and on the Sunday of April 6th, Dr. C. A. Baker will give an illustrated lecture, "Heavens Built of Concrete," a forty minute talk on astronomy and Chicago's new planetarium. The entertainment given by our talented members is often professional in quality and this opportunity of developing expression is initiating a creative spirit that builds strength and ambition in youth.

The first of our occasional activities this year was a skiing and tobogganing party at the Medinah Country Club. Sixty people left the church at seven thirty on Feb. 3rd, and drove over the cleared roads to the club

where the management had prepared the slides exclusively for our party. The toboggan was lit by flood lights and the happy crowd, enjoying the exhilarating sport, slid down the slides again and again. Many of the older folks came out too and played bridge in the club lounge, but not before most of them had been coaxed into trying the slide once or twice.

The beautiful evening, echoing with shouts of youth exultant, everyone will remember as one of the most exciting and perfect tobogganing nights of the winter.

After the sport, a buffet luncheon was served in the dining room. At the table Mrs. Preston Bradley spoke for Dr. Bradley, who was debating that evening in Cincinnati, expressing his sincere regret that he could not be present. She also told the club of the splendid organizations aligned along with it and she was sure that the club would co-operate with them to strengthen the bond of love which predominates all of the activities of the church. Mr. Newman Dumont said a few words of the fine spirit and mettle of the club; Mr. James Griffin, director of the Uptown Players, assured us of their co-operation; and Mr. Elmer F. Adams outlined the club's potentiality and widespread influence. The evening closed after a solo sung by Dorothy Schultz, and James Griffin had played a few numbers for dancing. The management assured us of their invitation to a similar party next winter.

On Saturday, Feb. 15th, twenty couples from the club attended the semi-annual Y. P. R. U. dance in Ida Noyes hall at the University of Chicago. All of the other organizations affiliated with the Y. P. R. U. in the city were present. The spirit was so fine and the dance such a success that John R. Nenninger, the local secretary, is planning another one in May.

A dinner was held in Channing Hall on Sunday, Feb. 16th, for all members and guests. A business meeting followed which resulted in seventy-five reservations out of the hundred present for the church banquet at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. The banquet, however, was attended by so many more than had reservations that we could easily have filled a table twice as large. The banquet, the outstanding church event of the year, was enthusiastically enjoyed by the young people, and their songs and cheers helped to keep the atmosphere one of buoyancy.

The coming occasional events for the months of March and April are; the presentation of the Uptown Players in "Hayfever" March 25th; the April Fools dance held on the first of April; and a children's party, in which we all dress like kids again, on April 22nd. All of these events will take place in Channing Hall. Plans are now being formulated for our sixth annual Decoration Day week-end outing at St. Charles by the Chairman of the outing committee, Mr. Newman Dumont.

The Young Peoples Club is looking forward eagerly to the events of the future while they review wistfully those of the past. The progress and fellowship of the club is proving as never before that the spirit of youth in the life of the church is the hope of the world.

L. A.

FACT AND FANCY

Just before Dwight Morrow departed to assume his position as Ambassador to Mexico a friend asked him what he thought he was going to be able to do with the Mexicans. He replied that he cided, for one thing, to "like" cided, for one thing to "like" them. And his success has been such that he now apparently prefers the job to a place in Mr. Hoover's cabinet, due we fancy, largely to that early decision.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

LAWRENCE AVE., Near Sheridan Rd.

Sundays—10:45 A. M.

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COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Nathan T. Ladenson, Church Service
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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education — Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.

Woman's Club—Every Monday.

Men's Forum—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.

Young People's Club—1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.

Church Trustees Meeting—Second Monday evenings.

Pastor's Cabinet — First Monday evening.

PASTOR'S ACTIVITIES

Dr. Bradley kept the following engagements in January:

5—Two Sermons Peoples Church
6—Meeting Pastor's Cabinet
8—Address, South Shore Temple
8—Address, Bartlett Organization
9—Woman's Club Dinner
10—Address, Chicago Beautiful Meeting
12 — Two Sermons, Peoples Church
14—Address Teachers, Racine, Wis.
14—Original "54". Walton League, Palmer House
15—Address, Bartlett Organization
15—Board Meeting Field Hospital Association
16—Address, Chicago Club Presidents, Art Institute
19—Two Sermons Peoples Church
20—Mid-Season Luncheon, Woman's Club
21—Address, Home Economics Club, Milwaukee, Wis.
22 — Address, Parent Teacher Association
22—Address, Ravenswood Temple
24—Address, Monticello, Ind.
26—Two Sermons, Peoples Church
27—Woman's Club Meeting
27—Laymen's League Meeting
28—Hamilton Club
30—Address, Decorak, Iowa
30—Address, Gray's Lake Woman's Club.

WEDDINGS

Jan. 6—John W. Lozier and Virginia Graham
Jan. 7—Ernest H. Kelley and Katherine Hardy
Jan. 22—William A. McCoy and Grace Sweeney
Jan. 27—Herman Caplan and Ida Lucille Smith.

FUNERALS

Jan. 2—Mr. Louis Grote. Interment, Montrose Cemetery
Jan. 4—Mr. H. H. Lambert. Interment, Rosehill
Jan. 13 — Mr. John DeWitt Clark. Interment, Acacia Park.
Jan. 20—Mrs. Conrad Schmidt. Interment, Montrose cemetery

CHRISTENINGS

Jan. 6—Josephine, Franklin, John and Kenneth James, children of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Rich.

WOMAN'S CLUB

February has held some specially good things for the Woman's Club. To begin with there was a specially arranged tour of the Art Institute for which we have Miss Meta Roth Brand, chairman of the Art Dept. of the Club, to thank. A guide was engaged to conduct the group and point out the interesting and best pictures giving explanations and remarks about them. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent. This was on February 3rd. Then on Feb. 10th, Mrs. Schulten, Educational Chairman arranged a very splendid program on "Famous Women in Drama" for the Departmental day. Papers were read by Miss Gladys Ulber on "Eva Le Galliene," Mrs. J. Laabs on "Eleanore Duse," and "Isadora Duncan" by Ruthann Lindquist. For the afternoon program Mrs. Gertrude Needham, Drama Chairman, gave a reading of "Street Scene," in most artistic manner. Mrs. Needham has been doing some splendid work with the Uptown Players for several years, and she is now going on the road with the "Street Scene" Co., her young son Daniel taking the part of the small boy in the same company. We will miss the cheery sweet spirit and lovely influence of Mrs. Needham from our Club, our Church and our Players, but our best wishes go with her and we want her to know that her many friends in the Peoples Church hold a hearty welcome awaiting her return!

The outstanding program of the month was given Feb. 17th when Dr. Bradley gave a magnificent lecture-recital—an interpretation of Ibsen's great play "Peer Gynt." The Grieg Suite was played at intervals, Dr. Bradley leading up to the scene and pausing for the particular number to be played, then Dr. Bradley taking up the narrative as the music died away. A large audience showed enthusiastic appreciation at the close of the recital.

Miss Betsy Williams, Mr. Williams and Mr. Blackman comprised the trio which gave exquisite interpretation to the Grieg Suite.

The Departmental Day, Feb. 24th, proved interesting with a talk by Mr. Sauer, Supt. of the Cook County Forest Preserves, and Mrs. Roy Eddy as Chairman. Mrs. Lee's group served a dainty luncheon at noon, and in the afternoon Mrs. Melford Wine, Legislative Chairman of Ninth Dist., gave an interesting report on work of the legislative department. There was also a meeting of the Philanthropic Dept., with Mrs. Denicke as chairman.

THIRTY-THREE CITIES HAVE WORSE HOMICIDE RECORD THAN CHICAGO

Chicago is no such bloodthirsty city as the evil reputation spread abroad concerning it would imply. Statistics on homicide compiled by a New York insurance statistician show that the rate of homicides here actually decreased 3.1 per hundred thousand of population last year from 1928. Thirty-three cities in this country have a worse record than this.

Judge Marcus Kavanagh brought these facts to light in a defense of Chicago's reputation before the police school for detectives. Selecting twenty representative cities he showed that Chicago stands thirteenth on this list with 12.7 homicides for every one hundred thousand of population in 1929. Detroit, Cincinnati, Kansas City, all show a higher rate.

One particularly interesting fact brought out by Judge Kavanagh in his analysis of homicide statistics is a high encomium for the "New England conscience." Of eleven cities in which not a single homicide was reported in 1929, five are in Massachusetts, two in New Hampshire, and one in Rhode Island. The number of homicides in Chicago last year was 401, compared with 498 in 1928. In New York the number of homicides in 1929 was 425, an increase of 24 over the year previous.

These figures, no doubt, will surprise the world at large outside of this city. Chicago has unjustly been held up as a horrible example of lawlessness among municipalities. The average stranger who comes here is likely to suppose that this city leads the world in the number of homicides in proportion to its population.

For this disparaging opinion of the efficiency of law enforcement here there is a logical reason, Judge Kavanagh pointed out.

"The reason," said he, "for the reputation is that Chicago is not afraid of washing her linen in public; while other cities sweep their crimes under the bed. Every crime in this city is made public, while in other cities police conspire to hide the crime records."

Here is confirmation that to cities is applicable the same bit of philosophy that applies to the attitude of every individual. If you do not wish to give yourself a worse reputation than you deserve, do not habitually emphasize your own shortcomings. Editorial Chicago Herald and Examiner.

HELEN KELLER SPEAKS

The brave, blind, dauntless Helen Keller speaks thus:

"Join the great company of those who make the barren places of life fruitful with kindness. Carry a vision of heaven in your hearts, and you shall make your home, your college, the world, correspond to that vision. Your

success and happiness lie in you. External conditions are the accidents of life, its outer trappings. The great, enduring realities are love and service. Joy is the holy fire that keeps our purpose warm and our intelligence aglow. Resolve to keep happy, and your joy and you shall form an invincible host against difficulty."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth:
The tang and odor of the primal things;
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind,
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

Edwin Markham.

DREAMS, VISIONS, AND HOPES

We are....all familiar with the way an invisible ideal holds and controls and dominates and constructs a life. It is one of the most notable features of our strange human experience. That which is not yet—for an ideal plainly is what ought to be but is not—works like a mighty energy. It upholds the spirit in hours of defeat. It makes one oblivious to pain. It conquers all opposition. It carries the will, contrary to all laws of mechanics, along the line of greatest resistance. It turns obstacles and hindrances into chariots of victory. It does the impossible. In Paul's words, "the things which are not bring to naught the things which are!"

What cannon of unwonted caliber, pounding at the battle-lines of men, can not do, the impalpable ideas and ideals may after all accomplish. Dreams and visions and hopes are not so empty and useless as they often seem. Suddenly they find a potent voice, they grow mighty, they gather volume, and they do what cannon could not do.

The religious books of ancient Persia say that when the soul of a good man arrives at the river of death a beautiful, shining, radiant figure meets it and says to it: "I am your true self, your best self, your real self. I am the image of your ideals, your strivings, your resolves, your determined purposes. I am you. Henceforth we merge together into one harmonious life." The parable is a genuine one. We are forever what our ideals make us. —Rufus M. Jones, in The Life Within.

WHAT IS THE FUNCTION OF A LIBERAL CHURCH

1. To develop the right attitude toward other people's ideals and beliefs.
2. To speak against meddling and intruding in the personal affairs of other people.
3. To provide fellowship for thoughtful people.
4. To stand for freedom of thought and speech and for religious liberty.
5. To preach the gospel of tolerance.
6. To present the modern view of the Bible.
7. To furnish a free platform, where ideas of all sorts may be freely expressed.
8. To serve as a forum for speakers who have something to say, radicals as well as conservatives.
9. To blaze new trails in religion and to give expression to

new ideas about religion.

10. To present without equivocation or ambiguity the modern point of view in religion; that is, to interpret religion in terms of modern knowledge.

11. To challenge and stimulate people to think about religion.

THAT SUNDAY PRIVILEGE

The two chief sources of the Church's income are the List of Pledged Annual Givers; you are invited to voluntarily make your pledge at any time—and thus form one of the dependable supports of our increasing work, for full particulars via the Church Office. The other source is our Sunday Cash Offering. The conscience of each person must be their own judge in this matter. The Liberal goes no further than to ask for generous consideration. May your gift each Sunday be as large as your conscience and your means permit.

"BEAUTY?"

By Warren F. Poole

Written in appreciation of Dr. Bradley

Beauty? It means such different things.
Ice crusted bushes and trees, widening rings
On a quiet pool under pale moonlight.
Blinding sun glare over wide reaches of sand,
Jewel-like brilliance of stars in an arctic night.

Beauty? It has such wonderous forms.
Black, ominous, piled up clouds of a storm
Gently rolling hills of a quiet valley,
The cloud wreathed top of a mighty crag,
Or the stately perfection of an aged oak.

Beauty? It makes such entrancing sounds.
Dainty, chuckling laughter of a tiny brook
Crashing, roaring undertones of surf on rocks.
The silvery tinkle of a distant temple bell
Mighty, deep-throated tones of an organ
Or the sleepy twittering of little birds at evening.

Beauty? It brings such visions of color.
Bright yellow bloom on the velvet green of a cactus
The gaudy flashing brilliance of a cock pheasant awing.
Simple dainty loveliness of Arbutus in the snow.
Exotic flaming crimson of tropical Hibiscus.

Beauty? It reaches and thrills our souls
With the promise of an Infinite Love
Makes music and laughter and tears
It lightens our burdens and fears
And makes gay the procession of years.

Everyone interested in the aims and work of the church is invited to make a regular subscription to its support. Such subscriptions may be paid on a weekly, monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual payments system, in accordance with the convenience of each individual. Application for subscription blanks or weekly envelopes may be made in the church office. The church office is open every day during business hours.

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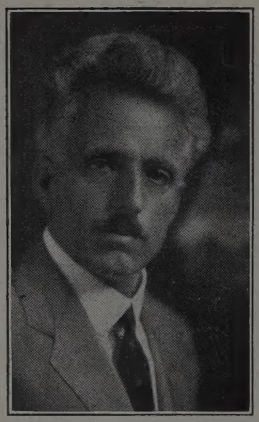

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